

AROUND THE FARM.

SEASONABLE.

In the Vegetable Garden.

Don't let a spear of asparagus grow till the last of June, or the seedlings which should be about the end of June; then level down the ridges with the plough and harrow, and let the "grass" grow unchecked for the rest of the summer. I have muskmelons sown in the ground that is being cleared of early cabbage and cauliflower, and again between the melons I am setting out lettuce and sowing Viroflay spinach, both of which will grow well in the shade. The beans are enough to spread over them. In fact, spinach, lettuce and radishes are crops that I never sow or plant in summer except as catch crops. Pea beans, sown about the middle of June, have always given me a fine crop in September and October. I am now sowing them between the rows of early peas. The pea shade there only for a few days, says the calendar, and before the peas are up the beans have the field to themselves. From the same ground now being planted with these beans I already have taken a crop of lettuce and spinach. Sow a few snap beans every week if you want to have them nice and tender. I sow peas twice a week from March till August, but really late summer and fall peas don't pay, apart from mildew. I cannot get the pods to pod well after July. And for the peas I am now sowing, I have found the best variety to grow, and I have given most of the leading sorts a very fair trial. "Panope" is the name of the new pea, and it is time to grow, are no use for fall work. Our earliest peas, Daniel J. Rourke improved, were sown March 21, and we are getting a good crop. They are earlier than usual. It still is the best early pea. But as soon as Alpha comes in June 9, we have no more time for sowing, and a round pea, nothing after that, but narrow peas, we now insist upon flavor. American Wonder is the best of the peas, and the new Captain is a good one, but I cannot join in extolling this or any other pigmy pea, simply because it does not bear enough to pay for the room, not to mention the cost of seeds and of tools and graph are not prolific enough.

I had good celery up till May; after that, to grow and the leafy tops, and after that, in the month it melted right off. I kept it out of doors in long shade-beds, four rows, nine inches between the plants, in which the vines were cut back the last days of April, planted out to succeed early peas, cabbage, cauliflower and potatoes in July. August, September, October, November, October hatched and bedded on November 16th and 17th. Celery sown in March will not keep well into spring, and I am now sowing out on your celeries into beds where it will remain till I am ready to plant it out after the middle of July. Celery for use in August and September was a failure, and I have found out that for use November in March, I have found Boston market to be the best keeper of all. Indeed, bearing any of my early peas, the new Captain, or the new from New England do not take to it very kindly, as it bears a number of small sprouts on the new ones, and the old ones and Teleria graph are not prolific enough.

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Growing Flax—Brown-Corn Culture—Water Cresses—Treatment of Girled Trees—What Farmers Should Know.

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THE APICARY.

Extracted and Comb Honey at the Same Time.

Many suppose that something must be done in time of section honey to clear the brood combs of honey to give the queen room to lay, so as to keep up the population of the colony, reasoning thus: That when bees are working in sections as a necessity, the brood combs must be crowded with honey, when the truth is that, with the bees working in the sections, with a proper hive, there is scarcely a pound of honey in the brood combs, if any, to be had for the use of the queen.

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THE EARTH TREMBLED

A Story of the Charleston Earthquake.

By E. P. ROE.

AUTHOR OF "YOUNG HORNETS OF HORNETS' NEST," "BARRIERS BURNED AWAY," "HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS WIFE," ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Orville Buxeyone, a widower with a beauteous daughter, lived in Charleston, S. C., at the time of the late war. The soldiers gathered to besiege Fort Sumter was Sidney Wallingford, the son of a wealthy planter in the interior. He loves Mary Burzynne, and marries her on the eve of his departure for the war. Tidings came of his death in battle, and the heart-broken widow died bringing into the world a child named by Mrs. Hunter, her aunt and guardian, Mara.

The war over, Mara and her aunt live in abject poverty, the old woman hating the North bitterly, and the younger sharing her feelings. Mara is loved by Owen Clancy, a young Southerner, who recognizes that in the North bitterness has disappeared, and for that reason was opposed as a foe to Mara by her intensely "unreconciled" guardian.

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW SOLACE.

On her way home Aunt Sheba shook her head more than once in perplexity and disapprobation over what she had heard.

She had the freedom of speech of an old family servant who had never been harshly repressed even when a slave, and now was added the fearlessness of a free woman.

Her affection for Mara was so strong that in her ignorance she shared in some of the girl's prejudices against the North, but not in her attachment to Mara.

The thought that Clancy had waned in his regard, or that he could even think of a Northern girl after having "kep" company" with Mara, had been exasperating, but now Aunt Sheba began to suspect that the estrangement was not wholly his fault.

"She set agin him by his gwine. 'Nor an' hab'in' to do wid de folks dat she an' ol' missus habb's. Don't see why he is mad at me' bout it. Clancy he'm mad, anyways, an' can't speak peace'ble to me. Well, I like to hear bettah in dat pull, but to me, I like to hear him gawner at all me. He please as he ain't 'serin' young missy 'case he is so."

"'Cudn't stan' dat nobhow. He's willin', an' she ain't' dat was she mean by sayin', 'No, Owen, Clancy, nebbeh!' She won't lis'n to him kase he don't hate de Norf like pizen. Now dat is foolishness, an' she's so."

"Dorf does as well as it know how. To be sure, it ain't' qual' like young missy, but it bin' doin' somethin' it don't do. Wat's in it for a chance to wuck for myself. I would do as much fer young missy as aber. I'd wuck my fingers of fer her, but I likes to do it like white folks, kase I lub her."

CHAPTER X.

MISS AINSLEY.

While in New York Owen Clancy had been kept informed of the drifts of those events in which he was especially interested. Massa Mara's affair had increased his admiration for her, his success had still further disengaged his hopes.

In his way he was as proud as she was. He had committed himself to a totally different line of action, for in his business relations he had been led into friendly relations with many Northern people both cities. He had accepted and returned their hospitalities in kind, as far as it was possible for a young bachelor of means.

He was a good boy, and accepted as a matter of course, and to exchange it for a cold, freezing politeness, limited only to masters of trade, would not only subject him to ridicule but cut short his business career.

Considerations supreme in Mara's circle were ignored by the great world, and leaving one's self to the care of a large company of ladies was impossible.

She wedged him in, and, muttering, "I gib him under lesson,"

"I'll make any difference to her, how many widwers dere is in de Norf, an' she hab jes dingin' her 'pinions inter young missy obvience she was have. Ise glad fer der den as long as I lub, but Ise gwine ter speak my min' to."

With such surmises and self-convincings she reached her hotel and Uncommon Streets, and the fire and the sun.

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The scenes called up by her old nurse's voice and rendered vivid by a strong imagination, again presented themselves as an impossible barrier between herself and her lover, until he should feel their significance.

As a woman her heart was always pleading for him, but when strongly excited by the story he had justified her, she could not even imagine that she would continue her regard for him.

Indeed, she wondered whether an almost real love could not at some point cut out his image and dismiss him from her thoughts when he was taking the course of others most remote to her.

At the same time she could not believe that all was over between them, but with quiet persistency her heart knew better, and pressed love to emmies and sad memories.

Moreover, passionate as had been her mood, there was a hard, honest, and long-standing love of a man's wife.

"Beckon de wh'sher," an' wat you gwine fer do wid Lawd's praz?" that quenched her fire like cold water.

So Mara was in a false position, out of harmony with normal laws and principles, without meeting spiritual laws.

Mara was too young and too intelligent to understand the difficulties in maintaining her position, but she believed sinfully that the circumstances of her lot justified this position, and made it the only logical one for her.

Northerners were to her what the Philistines were to the ancients. Hebrews, like the people with whom she had fed, the chief hills of her life. To compromise with them was to compromise with evil, and therefore she was always apt to regard them with a kind of awe.

As she was, she could not believe that all was over between them, but with quiet persistency her heart knew better, and pressed love to emmies and sad memories.

The day marked a change in Mara's policy and action, and these led to some very important results.

A false pride had at first prompted, or at least induced her to acquiesce in secrecy; but now he had prided himself to openness in all his words, having lived a lie.

She would volunteer no information, but would simply go in an unhesitating manner, let the consequences be what they might.

They soon began to take a surprisingly agreeable form, for the quick, warm, sunny days of the southern prairie were delightful.

There was a young girl, the representative of one of the oldest and best families, seeking quiet and unostentatious to support her in her course.

There had been scores of people who would have gladly offered her assistance, but she had kept her secret, and, as far as regard to her affairs as jealousy as they regarded the condition of their own.

Frank in the extreme with each other in their social relations, the young people in the city who would suffer much rather than reveal pecuniary need, and take the slightest approach to charity.

In the class to which Mara belonged, therefore, she gained rather than lost in social consideration and especial pains were taken to prove her a fact.

She was in with owing, and Mrs. Hunter's estimation, flowed the oldest and bluest blood called more frequently, and spoke with a decided contempt for the good lady, in a rich but antiquated gown, received the guests and in lamentation over the worth of the old.

The majority were sympathetic listeners, but all were glad that the girl could do and was willing to do more than meet their demands.

What made their admiration the more, but that they were ready to do more than satisfy the desire of the old.

As she presided with ease and grace at her father's table, Clancy found himself fascinated by her, and his heart beat high.

At last she said, "Papa thinks quite possible that we may have to leave for the South, together, in that case we should probably make Charleston our headquarters. I have a friend, Mrs. Willoughby—do you know her, indeed, a charming lady. She resembles on the Battery."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE—WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1857.

CALL A HALT.

T. V. Powderly on Foreign Immigration.

Who Should be Allowed to Land—Drawbacks in Knights of Labor Ranks.

How the Ignorant Are Hoodwinked—Questions to be Decided at Minneapolis.

PHILADELPHIA, June 29.—The Minnesota convention of the Knights of Labor of America will interest itself on subjects of general moment to the workmen. One of these is the subject of the emigration of foreigners.

She knew that she had hoped his path would come back to hers; that in secret she had this wish with a pathetic persistence.

She believed, however, that such a desire was his best resource, for he was again under the influence she most feared and detested.

At times she reproached herself for having been too reserved, too proud and pugnacious.

She plied him with the conceit and the delicate compliment implied, but he was already impressed with the idea that it was best that they should not meet again, and both were satisfied that their paths would come back to hers; that in secret she had this wish with a pathetic persistence.

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At times she reproached herself for having been too reserved, too proud and pugnacious.

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HOWARD'S LETTER.

The Press, the Judiciary
and the Jury.

Three Factors Perverting the
Public Mind.

Jacob Sharp's Treatment a
Public Lesson.

Every Man Innocent Till
Proved Guilty.

The Grand Picture Presented by the
Great Judge Nelson.

New York. July 2.—It is painfully clear to close observers that the public mind is gradually being perverted, and strange to say three factors universally regarded and highly esteemed as bulwarks defending the public honor, warding off oppression, standing as a shield between wickedness in high places and the best interests of the republic, are the fatal enemy.

These three are the press, the judiciary, and the jury.

The most of any significant thought can be determined best by its application, and of all applications in the world those most keenly felt, most fully appreciated by men and women, are personal applications, those which in their individual capacity men and women can feel, be sensible of.

Therefore let me be personal, for I have a lesson to teach and a thought to send out, which, while they may arouse hostility, must of necessity attract the attention of good men and good women wherever these words are read. On Monday morning last, as on many mornings, I found in our great metropolitan papers a great deal of abuse of Jacob Sharp.

Sharp was charged with bribery. He was under heavy bonds to appear daily for trial. For reasons best known to himself the judge, instead of allowing the bail bond to be his sole surety, ordered Sharp to be confined to his room in the law office, where, according to the warden, whose words I quote, Sharp, who is an old man and slowly but surely dying of diabetes,

Experiences Torture Every Night
after his long siege in the heated court room. These are the words of the warden of the jail: "He is 34.5 years old and aged. I want to see if I could not manage to alleviate the misery of the prisoner, but there was nothing that I could do. He acted like a desperately sick man. He has had no doctor to see him, and he is of course, to judge by his form, in a most extreme latitud in which he takes at home. Whether he misses them or not I cannot say. He takes scarcely anything but milk. Since he has been here he has had nothing but porridge, bread, butter and anything with sugar in it. I don't think he has any reason to complain of his treatment. He has had great tortures every night."

And on the editorial page I find this assertion: "The plain truth is that Sharp has been treated with unusual and many peculiar and deserved leniency."

What is the fact?

The grand jury indicted Sharp for the crime of bribery. Although he is a good man with many interests, family and financial, in this city, under treatment by family and expert physicians every day for a disease which disfigures him, the diagnosis is not known in less than the medical world, and he is heavily and unwillingly paid to it. He is a man of great strength, and when he is not in constant pain, he is able to bear his daily burden, compelled to keep his room at a certain temperature, to wear the heavy winter garments, to sleep with the door open to him, the necessity of judge imposed upon him the necessity of lying in the sum of \$40,000 or \$50,000.

He was Accused of Crime.

For that he was being tried. According to the presumption of the law he was an innocent man. He was put under bail, although accused of the presumption of law, and upon an order of the court, his presence at the time of trial might be assured. He has indicated no disposition at any time to avoid trial. Could he, or had he done, any thing to the people, seek the popular side? How is the popular side to determine? By reading the newspapers. The man is guilty, say the judges, not in words, but in manner, in bearing, in inflection. It makes no difference whether it is Sharp or Ward, but it would be a great service to the country if one of Sharp's associates or one of Ferdinand Ward's partners. The press would take a different view of it. The judge, however, is a man of one of the chief judges of New York city. The judge believed the man guilty. The jury didn't. The judge took up with the man, and in a year ago, when the constant contact with the man has blunted his sensibilities, has hardened his heart. He no longer sees with the clear eye of benevolence, but always with

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of suspicion. The jury retired, consulted, and then returned with a verdict of guilty, and the man and the prisoner at the bar, twelve honest men, twelve men so honest that they were nothing that could be said against them, the court, twelve honest men, unanimously brought in the verdict "not guilty."

What is it? Well.

Why not?

What was done?

Looked at the man for a moment with a shrewd, sharp, and fire-flashing in his big gray eyes, the judge said: "Leave the room. You are discharged for the defense and the prosecuting officers, and the public generally that nothing under heaven is done to you."

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